

of the poor captives in their fiery dungeon, and leads them triumphantly into the celestial Jerusalem.

ST. CECILY'S ANGEL.

Like St. Cecily's, the Angel of Purgatory will put on the heads of the liberated souls, golden crowns interlaced with roses and lilies, culled in the Garden of Paradise.

THE ANGEL OF PURGATORY.

If, according to the testimony of Holy-Writ and the Fathers, each nation, every church, each family have their Guardian-Angel, can it be doubted that Purgatory has its angel? He stands by these poor afflicted souls, consoles and encourages them in that ocean of woe and tortures, until finally he breaks those horrible chains. "I shall send my angel," says God Himself, "not only that he may go before you on your way and protect you, but that he may lead you even into the place, which I have prepared for you."

Let us have a great devotion to this angel, whose intercession can be so precious to our dear departed.

THE ANGEL OF THE MISSIONS.

I see him hovering over the Mission, whose special protector and guardian he is. His two large wings, spread out at full length, are whiter than those of the dove, a refulgent halo encircles his majestic brow, his beautiful eyes that shine like two emeralds, plunge themselves into the azure light of the sky; in his hands he holds a golden vessel filled with the prayers, which St. Bennet's sons and daughters send up day and night to the throne of God for the suffering Church.

My eyes, ravished by the lovely aspect, are yet riveted on this bright and grand defender of the Mission, when, lo! another angel, clothed with celestial beauty, appears before me; it is the Angel of Purgatory. He presses a kiss

of love, such as he had received from his Lord and King, on the amiable lips of the first one. They remain for a moment motionless in the space, their wings spread out and their eyes fixed on high, as if to draw down upon us and our dear ones the blessings of God. Now the Angel of the Mission hands the golden cup to the Angel of Purgatory, who carries it directly up to the happy abode of the Blessed. Heaven opens its gates to let him enter, but closes them immediately, because our eyes do not deserve to penetrate into the majesty and grandeur divine.

But this same angel appears to me soon again, and this time he is accompanied by others. All are followed by a multitude of souls, brilliant and beautiful like the sun. These are those souls that have just now been delivered through our suffrages from the fiery dungeon. I see them drawing near and surrounding the Angel of Purgatory. How these happy souls vie with each other to express their gratitude, in endearing terms to their liberator from darkness and horror! Escorted by angels, they now commence to sing with them canticles of joy, hymns of thanksgiving. Thus they make their triumphant entry into heaven.

This enchanting and holy spectacle, which we are not worthy to behold, presents itself again and again to the eyes of the Saints.

The following touching event will find here its proper place. Blessed Veronica of Binasco saw in an ecstasy, which she had on the feast of the assumption of the glorious Virgin, a multitude of souls, delivered by the merits and prayers of this Mother of mercy, go forth from Purgatory. They equalled in number half of the inhabitants of the city of Milan. Preceded by a radiant angel, they went forth from the place of sufferings. Each one of them was accompanied by her Guardian-Angel, who presented her in heaven to the throne of the Most High.